Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech: wherein
You told how *Dyomed* a whole weeke by daies,
Did haunt you in the fie'd.
Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can thinke or courage execute.
Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme, and ſo long helth:
Lul'd when contention, and occaſion meete,
By *Ioue* ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite, and pollicy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flie,
With his face back-ward, in humane gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy, now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeed: by *Venus* hand I ſwere:
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.
Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him die:
With euery ioynt a wound and that to morrow----
Æne. We know each other well?
Diom. We do and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightfull gentle greeting,
The nobleſt hatefull loue that ere I heard of, what buſineſſe
Lord ſo earely?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King? but why I know not.
Par. His purpoſe meetes you? twas to bring this Greeke,
To *Calcho's* houſe, and there to render him:
For the enfreed *Anthenor* the faire *Creſſid*,
Lets haue your company, or if you pleaſe,
Haſt there before vs. I conſtantly beleeue,
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night,
Rouſe him and giue him note of our approch,
With the whole quality wherefore:

I ſeare

I feare we ſhall be much vnwelcome.
Æneas. That I aſſure you: *Troylus* had rather Troy were
borne to Greece, then *Creſſeid* borne from Troy.
Paris. There is no helpe.
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo:
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æneas. Good morrow all.
Paris. And tell me noble *Diomed*, faith tell me true,
Euen in ſoule of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts, deſerues faire *Helen* beſt,
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus*?
Diom. Both alike,
Hee merits well to haue her that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoyle,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends,
He like a puling Cuckold would drinke vp,
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſd to breed out your inheritors,
Both merits poyzd, each weighs nor leſſe nor more,
But he as he, the heauier for a whore.
Paris. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Diom. Shees bitter to her country, heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her bawdy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion waight,
A Troyan hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
Shee hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her Greekes and Troyans ſuffred death.
Paris. Faire *Diomed* you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that they deſire to buy,
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well,
Weele not commend, what wee intend to ſell. Heere lyes
our way. *Exeunt.* *Enter Troylus and Creſſeida.*
Troy. Deere, trouble not your ſelfe, the morne is colde.